i don't know.



smelling trees.



project one_ lovely heads

THE BEAUTY OF SMELLING TREES...

HELLO! MY NAME IS SUN NOON. I DO NOT KNOW WHEN I BEGAN TO PUT WORDS ONTO PAPER AND MAKE STRANGE STORIES THAT SOME MIGHT NOT UNDERSTAND. AS I SIT AND WRITE, I THINK. WHILE I THINK, I HAVE A HABIT OF SMELLING PAPER. WHEN PEOPLE ASK WHAT I LIKE TO READ, I TELL THEM I DON'T READ THAT MUCH, BUT I HAVE MANY BOOKS TO SMELL. FROM NEWSPRINT ZINES TO GLOSSY MAGAZINES, FROM BIBLE TISSUE, TO NON-ACID TREES. I AM USED TO GETTING STRANGE LOOKS AS I WALK INTO A BOOKSTORE AND FLIP THE PAGES UNDER MY NOSE. THE HABIT OF SMELLING PAPER HAS BEEN IN MY LIFE FOR I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG, BUT THE IDEA OF SMELLING TREES CAME UP IN NOVEMBER 2002. IT ALL BEGAN AS I SIT SMELLING A ZINE. I REALIZED: "HEY I LIKE TO WRITE STORIES. I CAN MAKE MY OWN ZINE!" SO I DID. I HAVE MADE MANY CHANGES ALONG THE WAY AND NOW I FINALLY HAVE THE FIRST ISSUE (OR PROJECT) OUT! WHICH IS THIS ONE (JANUARY - MARCH 2003). SMELLING TREES IS FOR ANYONE IN THE WORLD. I DO NOT EXPECT EVERYONE TO LIKE SMELLING TREES... OH WELL.

I GET ALL KINDS OF WEIRD IDEAS WHEN I WRITE SO I DECIDED TO SPLIT THE ZINE INTO DIFFERENT PARTS. THE FIRST IDEA I CAME UP WITH WAS ABOUT A DREAMTRAVELER WHO TRAVELS IN DREAMS. THIS DREAMTRAVELER ONLY LIVES IN DREAMS SO THE ADVENTURES ARE ENDLESS. EACH PROJECT WILL CONTAIN SOME OF THESE ADVENTURES! YAY! I CALL THIS SECTION "SWEET RELIEF." OKAY, NOW THE NEXT SECTION I THOUGHT OF IS ANOTHER SERIES THAT WILL CONTINUE WITHIN EACH PROJECT. I CAME UP WITH THIS CHARACTER NAMED WONDER AND "STARGAZER" IS THE SECTION WHERE YOU WILL FIND THIS WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF LIVING IN A WORLD SHE'S NEVER BEEN IN: PLANET EARTH. NOW I THOUGHT TO MYSELF, "I HAVE THESE TWO SERIES, BUT I ALSO LIKE TO WRITE SHORT STORIES." SO I CAME UP WITH ANOTHER SECTION CALLED "SOMETHING LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE." OR "SLEE", WHERE I INCLUDE OTHER SHORT STORIES, ESSAYS, RANTS, AND/OR EVERYTHING ELSE. EACH PROJECT IS NAMED. AS YOU KNOW, THIS FIRST PROJECT IS "LOVELY HEADS."

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE WHO HAVE HELPED ME (YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE), AND EVERYONE WHO READS THIS ZINE. I DO HOPE YOU ENJOY IT AS MUCH AS I DID IN MAKING IT. I PLAN ON DOING THIS QUARTERLY SO HOPEFULLY I CAN KEEP UP. I HAVE COME A LONG WAY SINCE THE BEGINNING OF SMELLING TREES (EVEN THOUGH IT HASN'T BEEN THAT LONG), BECAUSE NOW I LIKE TO FEEL THE TEXTURE OF PAPER (WITHOUT BEARING IT) AND I ALSO HAVE A HABIT OF FLICKING PAPER MAKING A CRACKLING NOISE. SINA AND RACHEL FIND IT REALLY ANNOYING, BUT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND THE BEAUTY YET.



(THIS IS NOT REALLY THE END.)

IN THE MAKING OF THIS ZINE, I HAVE ENDURED MANY HEADACHES AND EYESTRAINS. DURING THE PROCESS OF WRITING, I WRITE SOME THINGS DOWN WITH A PEN AND PAPER, BUT MANY TIMES I USE A COMPUTER. IT GIVES ME A HEADACHE ~~TOO SOMETIMES~~ WHEN I STARE AT IT FOR TOO LONG AND MY EYES DON'T LIKE IT WHEN IT HAS TO LOOK THROUGH MY THICK GLASSES ONTO THE COMPUTER SCREEN.

YOU MIGHT HAVE NOTICED THAT I DO NOT CAPITALIZE MUCH (WHEN USING THE COMPUTER) AND MY GRAMMAR IS PROBABLY BAD. THE FIRST EXPLANATION IS BECAUSE I DO NOT REALLY CARE AS LONG AS I GET THE POINT OUT. LANGUAGE IS EVER CHANGING AND SINCE THIS IS MY CREATION, I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT I SHOULD FOLLOW RULES THAT LIMIT ME IN EXPLORATION AND TRANSFORMATION. THIS IS NOT TO SAY THAT I DO NOT MAKE AN EFFORT TO WRITE "PROFESSIONALLY" WHEN I NEED TO.

I HAVE A COUPLE OF NOTES ABOUT SOME OF THE MATERIAL IN THIS PROJECT. "THE WATER WHO DOES NOT READ: SEBASTIAN GLASSHOUSE." IS MERELY FICTION (ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE IN THIS PARTICULAR PROJECT AND MOST OF FUTURE PROJECTS, BUT NOT ALL BECAUSE I PLAN ON INCLUDING ESSAYS SOON.) I MADE UP THE STORY ABOUT SEBASTIAN AND TESLIE AND THE LOCATIONS ARE PURELY IMAGINATIVE. I WILL CONTINUE THIS IN FUTURE PROJECTS. "STARGAZER" ISN'T REALLY THAT ACCURATE ESTHER WITH SOME THINGS. I TAUGHT MYSELF ~~HOW~~ TO HAVE FUN IN MAKING STUFF UP. THAT IS THE BEAUTY OF FICTION.

IF YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE LIKED WHAT YOU READ IN SMELLING TREES, PLEASE SUPPORT ME BY SUBSCRIBING OR BUYING A PROJECT. SOME DO NOT KNOW WHAT "ZINES" ARE AND SOME LIVE IN THE WORLD OF ZINES. IF ANYONE IS THINKING OF MAKING A ZINE, THE BEST ADVICE I CAN GIVE IS, "JUST FUCKING DO IT!!" THEN YOU'LL SAY "YAY!" ZINES, JUST LIKE ANYTHING WHETHER IT IS MAINSTREAM OR NOT, IT IS A FORM OF EXPRESSION AND CREATION. NOT EVERY LIKES THE SAME THINGS, NOT EVERY WISHES TO CREATE. IN ANY SENSE, I BELIEVE YOU CAN DO WHATEVER THE HELL YOU WANT IF YOU REALLY WANTED TO. I REALLY DO WANT TO CONTINUE SMELLING TREES FOR AS LONG AS I CAN. I ALREADY HAVE A LOT OF IDEAS FOR MY NEXT COUPLE OF PROJECTS. I PLAN ON RELEASING THE NEXT PROJECT IN APRIL 2003. I KNOW I WILL MAKE SOME CHANGES AND ADDITIONS ALONG THE WAY. ONE DAY, I ~~HOPE~~ WANT TO EVENTUALLY ADD MORE MATERIAL FOR EACH PROJECT. IF YOU'D LIKE, YOU CAN WRITE ME AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK. I LIKE TO HEAR FROM NEW PEOPLE. IF YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN ME IN THIS JOURNEY OF SMELLING TREES, PLEASE SUBSCRIBE. IN THE U.S. IT IS $8. MEXICO OR CANADA IS $13, ELSEWHERE IS $16. PLEASE SEND U.S. FUNDS. IF YOU MUST SEND A M.O., PLEASE LEAVE PAY TO BLANK. A SUBSCRIPTION YOU WILL RECEIVE FOUR PROJECTS. IT WILL BE PRINTED IN JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, AND OCTOBER. I ALSO DO ZINE TRADES, SO SEND ME A NICE LETTER AND YOUR ZINE AND I WILL SEND YOU MY ZINE IN RETURN. YOU SHOULD ALSO LOOK AT MY PRETTY WEBSITE: www.smellingtrees.com

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"the controller! the controller! get us out of here!" the dreamer yells as he runs. the woman struggles to get the controller out her pocket once more.

the setting once again changes before their eyes and they all run straight into the walls of another place. they all fall on their back.

they are in a house. the young girl runs into a small kitchen. in the distance it is a very simple house. the walls are pale white with a fireplace. on top of the fireplace are a few little figurines. some aren't very clear to what they are, but there is one in particular that is neon green. it is some sort of thick goo that is waiting to be touched.

"ooh..." the dreamer pokes the green goo.

"what the hell is it?" the man in the suit didn't even bother to touch it looking at it with disgust.

in an instance the green goo turns into a little man that is about the size of the dreamers hands. "i am a dancer for the scenes and for a cent i'll sing." the floating little man said as he danced away in the middle of thin air. he wore bright green boots up to his knees with a pointy green hat that matched his bright green eyes.

everyone is amazed with the little dancer. "what else can you do other than dance and sing?" the woman asked with amazement.

"well..." the dancing and singing ceased as he look straight at the dreamer, "i have a sense for travelers who believe in nothing. they are helpless in the dreamers as they observe everything."

"who me?" the confused dreamer asks.

"yes...strange as it is...i am talking about you. be cautious of glowing greens because there are many things we can do." the little man stops and suddenly turns away from the dreamer after a deep stare and continues to dance and sing as if he had just said nothing.

"hey...what's going on?" the little girl appears again from a short distance behind the other three who were watching the glowing green man dance. they turn to face the girl.

"come watch the glowing green man dance!" the woman says.

"what glowing green man?" the little girl asks as she looks and sees nothing. everyone realizes that the dancing man suddenly disappeared.

"where did it go?" everyone looks around the room and it was no where to be found.

"hey i know! why don't we rewind it and then we can see him again!" the man in the suit suggests. everyone agrees. the woman who has the controller at hand rewinds the scene and there appears the green glob again on top of the fireplace.

"don't take your eyes off of it, it'll turn into a dancing man!" the man in the suit tells the little girl. everyone watches the green goo rise into the air slowly. it does not change into a man, but the goo slowly rises up above everyone.

"why isn't it dancing?" the little girl lost her interest.

"wait! it stopped." the green goo was now a few feet right above everyone. without sudden warning, the green goo falls straight down and lands on the little girl's face. everyone panics and backs away. the little girl is helpless as the glowing green swallows her whole and disappears into the thin air taking the girl with it.



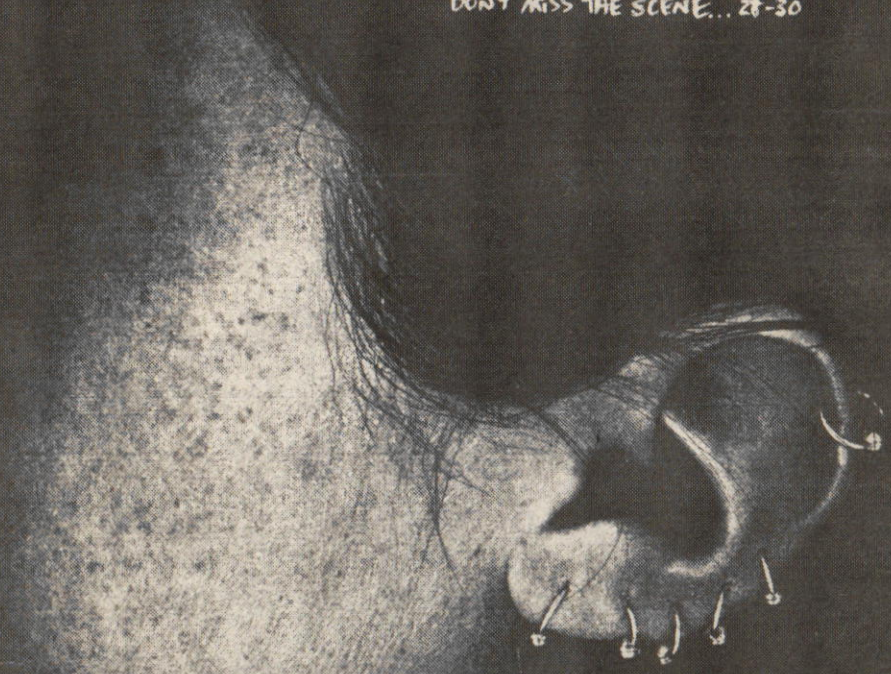
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MIRIAM XEROXED HER HEAD.



"a screaming peach of a—" before the woman could finish, she pushes a button from the controller and in an instant they are placed back in the movie theater where it started.

"that was fucking strange," the man in the suit took a seat and made himself comfortable.

the dreamer looks down the balcony and sees no one in sight, "hey, there is no one else here but us. what happened to everyone?"

"maybe they left." the young girl said as she looks over the balcony.

"why don't we rewind this scene and maybe we'll find out where they all went." the man in the suit suggested.

"good idea." the woman pushed a button to rewind everything and the rest waited.

"nothing happened," the dreamer looks over the balcony once more to see that no one is still in sight. "that's strange."

"wait...was that door there before?" the woman points to the door next to the entrance of the balcony. everyone walks toward the door.

"no," said the dreamer, "it wasn't." the dreamer opens the door and everyone enters the short hall with another door in the distance. the dreamer leads everyone to the new door. when he opens it, there is yet another door waiting to be opened. "what is this—"

"oh no! we are locked out!" the man in the suit struggles to open the previous door, but it was locked. now, the four was stuck in a box sized room with two doors on each end.

"we're not locked out silly—"

"yeah, we'll just keep on going. there has to be a way out of here." the dreamer opens another door, but the same thing keeps happening. door after door after door after door after door after door after door after door.

everyone stops. "sigh," the woman seems tired from going through door after door.

"why don't we just push our way out with the button from the controller?" the dreamer finally suggests.

"uh..." the woman searches for the controller and it seems that she has lost it.

"are you fucking kidding me?" the man in the suit boasts with anger, "we are going to be stuck in this little room with two doors that leads to more doors and we'll be stuck here forever and die and we won't ever get to plant any pears!!!—"

"shut up!!" the young girl shut him up.

"oh no." the woman looks around, "the room is caving in!!"

"what are we going to do?!! we're going to die!" the man in the suit panics and starts to cry, "i had an appointment to get new glasses and i was so excited and now i'm going to die." by now, everyone is smashed in together.

"oh wait!" the woman struggles to get out the controller, "the controller is in my pocket! but i can't get it out!" she struggles and no one could hardly budge for the room was packing these people in. the dreamer struggles with all his might to help and finally reaches the controller and pushes a button. a sudden fall forced them to land on top of each other.

"ouch!" all of them cried. everyone eventually got up on their feet once more and now they were outdoors in great open space. they were in the middle of a road which consisted of tall thin buildings standing side by side.

a load ruckus caught the attention of the dreamer, the woman, the man in the suit, and the young girl. in an observable distance ahead, there were people of violence throwing objects at men wearing helmets. there was yelling, beating, and even gun shots. the air is filled with dust and some people were wearing face masks—

"what are these people doing?" these four are observing from a safe distance.

"let's rewind this scene! i want to see it from the beginning!" the man in the suit tries to gain control over the controller. he snatches it away from the woman and presses a button.

the people they watch in the distance are now walking backwards in great speed in all sorts of directions. cars are coming and going, and the once blue sky turns orange in a matter of seconds.

the four watches in amazement. a violent burst of a building in the distance ahead shakes the ground once more. dust and dirty air is the result of this bomb that destroyed a once tall building.

"look," the woman whispers. not all, but most of the dust slowly disappears and now the people in the distance are visible. "they are staring at us..." the dreamer including the other three stare at these people staring at them.

"this is scary—" the man in the suit spoke for them all.

the dreamer mumbles, "we should get out of here, they don't look to happen with us—" before the dreamer could finish, the people in the distance begin to scream at the top of their lungs and run towards the four.

"run!!!" all four dashes in the opposite direction of the strangers who are running after them.

"they are throwing rocks at us!" they did not stop to look back, they all ran as fast as they could [illegible] the sort of passion for violence.

don't miss the scene

the dreamer is in some sort of theater, which is about to show a movie. it is a formal movie theater with a stage and a balcony. the dreamer is on the top balcony to the right of the large place. he looks down and many people are waiting for the show.

"what are we going to see?" a blurry female asks sitting next to him.

"i don't know." he looks around once more, "oh, i remember. it is belle's movie—"

"shh! its starting." the woman next to the dreamer says. the large screen in front of them begins a movie as the place darkens.

"have you ever read *the man who planted pears*?" it is a well groomed man in a dark suit and glasses asking the dreamer.

the dreamer is suddenly in the movie. he is no longer watching the screen, but he is right in the scene looking at the audience.

the man in a suit walks back and forth and explains, "it is about a man who planted pears. the man plants two hundred fifty-three seeds a day to help an area that has suffered—"

"and—"

"and several years, the quiet man who has planted these pears has transformed the grounds into a beauty for the people who walk upon it." the man in the suit gave the dreamer no time to speak, "did you read the *whole* book? the *whole* and not part of it?!"

"ye—"

"then plant some pears!!" the man in the suit gets in the dreamer's face and becomes obnoxious and loud.

the dreamer then looks to his right and it is the woman who was sitting next to him earlier.

"let's watch it grow!" the woman says as she is holding an object of some sort, "i received this remote as a gift." she pushes a button from it and everything changes in an instant. an outdoor scene appears, the ground shakes, the dreamer falls to the ground and trees are growing in all directions. a tree near the dreamer spurts right into the sky almost hitting him. the trees are growing so fast it was as if they were being forced out of the ground. they grow from inches to a few feet to dozes of feet in a matter of seconds. the movie they are in seems to be controlled by the object the woman is holding. they are surrounded by already full grown trees. the thousands of branches do not have any leaves as they reach into the dark maroon sky.

"wow!" a young girl proclaimed. she had appeared from no where. she runs around touching as many trees as she can around her—

"these aren't pears!" the man in the suit and glasses is angry, "do that again, but make it pears!"

"i'll just rewind it and play it again." they all agree and the woman with the remote controller pushes another button. the ground shakes once more and the trees fall right back into the ground in a split second. the ground is empty again until another vigorous shake of the ground knocks the dreamer, the woman, the man in a suit, and the young girl to the ground. the trees come out the ground once more, but this time, it comes out much faster and aggressively.

"look!" the young girl points up into the sky where the trees have reached. a small black bird flies out of one of the branches. everyone is on their feet once more to see what is going on.

"there wasn't a bird there before." the dreamer says as he watches the bird fly away.

every single branch of the hundreds and hundreds of trees that surround them now shake in the air. it increases in vibrancy and loudness. in a flash, hundreds of thousands of birds fly out of the branches. the dreamer and possibly the others quickly lay face down with their hands over their heads to protect themselves from the swarming of countless birds flying in all sorts of directions. without any vision of what is happening, many birds can be felt flying over the back of the dreamer. after the intensity of the flapping, chirping, and dashing of birds rustling through the hundreds of trees, there was silence.

"what the hell was that?" the man in the suit says as he slowly makes his way up on his feet again.

"i don't know, but i want to get out of here." everyone agrees with the woman.

with a push of a button, they were now placed in a completely different scene. everyone looks around in amazement for everything was much bigger than them. objects such as books, shoes, cups, and much more all around them looked like they were made for giants.

"the hairy green calculator did not make soup for my picture frame!" the dreamer says looking at everyone. the strange sentence came out of him and he was not able to control it. everyone including the dreamer is terribly confused.

"have the mean paint stuck your children to a piece of pencil lead and pushed it to shelter?" the woman places her hand over her mouth in an instance.

"what is my shirt going to imagine when those ears speak of shells?!!" the man in the suit says.

"why is everyone talking so weird?" the young girl seems to be the only one who isn't controlled verbally. "get us out of here!"

seven fifty-nine

in clear red, my clock says seven fifty-nine. i turn off my alarm and snuggle back into my comforter with my eyes closed, but keeping myself awake. i have a tendency to wake up right before my alarm clock comes on. when you get so used to waking up to your alarm clock at a certain time every morning, perhaps you unconsciously wake yourself up before your alarm with the annoying beep does.

i try to remember my dreams. the images are easy to forget, but the feeling it bestows is hard to ignore. a simple "happy" or "sad" cannot describe my first waking moment today, i am just here. i figure it wasn't a "bad" dream, or "good" enough to remember. i am quite relaxed without distractions of discouragement.

as i walk outside for the first time today, i realize that i don't see the outdoors as often as i should. why do we keep ourselves in buildings for so long? i don't know.

an unfamiliar cat makes me jump as it scurries away from under my car and disappears into the distance. it is kind of dangerous for a cat to be in such environment where it could get hit by a car in this crazy city. sometimes i wish i was a cat. they don't let anything bother them, so it seems. they just roam around observing the life of their human friends that ride in their cars, buy silly things, pave new roads, and build big buildings. their personality of unique moderation has always intrigued me.

i quit my stupid job yesterday because everything is just bullshit over there. instead of putting up with it, i decided to let myself out of the torture before i go completely insane. so today, i plan to live with no worries. i have to do little things such as running errands and cleaning my house a little to catch up on the little things in my life. then, i plan to give myself a good rest and be lazy afterwards. right now i have to get my license renewed, which is why i'm up so early. maybe the day won't be too exciting, but at least i have my days to myself (for now). i'm convinced that i will have a good day today.

i think i speak for many when i say that things can become repetitive. even if things *are* never really the same, you can't help but get the feeling that you still want something to change, something exciting or unexpected to happen. this is probably one of the reasons why i quit my job. i can now fulfill the hope of getting enough rest so i can balance out all the work that i usually force myself to do. people wonder why they're so depressed or tired, but the answer to solve such problem can be so simple that it's easy to forget. sleeping is as essential as waking, so why work more than resting? i'm not suggesting that everyone should quit their job though. it's just that some say they don't have a choice, but to work and work and work... but if you really want or need something, you can find the time for it, just as you found all the time to work, right?



as i arrive at the DMV, i notice that it's not so busy here. i won't have to wait for too long. they're just a few people in front of me waiting in line. usually, a long line doesn't really bother me anyway because i daydream way too much about i don't know what. when i stand waiting for something, it won't take me long to forget that i'm waiting.

this place is so dull. everything is a different shade of brown. i like the color brown, but everything is poorly taken care of so the energy it gives off is rather sullen. i look at each person in line and of course, everyone is strangely different. once, when i was younger, i would observe every person from any distance just amazed at the crazy possibilities that makes each person so unique. everyone looks so weird, only because there is no such thing as normal.

the lady in front of me glances around just as i am doing. i can only see the side of her face and i can automatically say, which i rarely say, that she is simply beautiful. she is stealing all my attention by just showing the side of her face. she quickly and innocently glances at me and it's obvious that i'm guilty of looking at her first and without looking away... hmm... i'm kind of surprised that someone this beautiful can look familiar to me, but i cannot remember where—

she turns her body slightly and nonchalantly with a small, but natural smile and continues to glance at me only to catch me stare at her continuously. i think i'm smiling. her smile is soft. i can't take my eyes off of her. she finally broke the silence by saying that i look very familiar. my insides jump when i realize that she is familiar to me, too. i can feel that she is just as nervous as i am and for a reason we probably do not understand at the moment. we finally figure it out by saying each other's name at the same time. i don't know if she's surprised that i remember her name without her reminding me. i can't even think straight.

i last saw amanda when i was in middle school, which is well over ten years ago! i had the biggest crush on this girl and she was one of the most beautiful and sweetest people to me. we were friends, but it got kind of weird after this whole misunderstanding with her and i. there was a situation where she probably thought i had ditched her with my friends at the end of sixth grade year. it's a long and stupid story that should've never happened. in a way i'm guilty, but i'm also not. i just felt too embarrassed to really explain myself, so we didn't really talk much after that. we kind of left on a bad note, but not officially. i never saw her again because i moved to atlanta a couple of years later. middle school was a horrible experience for me. you are doing way too much growing up and you go through changes that sometimes you yourself can't keep up with. sometimes, you wish it was different by thinking that you should've done so many things, but at the same time you regret doing the other things.

we didn't really introduce ourselves because we already once knew each other and it's hard to start again when there wasn't really an end. all the memories of her are coming back to me. i apologize sincerely about that time in middle school. with the memories that i have of her, her nature is still as friendly as she is forgiving. i cannot believe that i'm face to face with her once more, someone i was once infatuated with and someone i almost forgot.

apparently, she had just moved from colorado and has only been here for a couple of days. i cannot resist offering my help for the move since she is new here and has no one to associate with at the moment. she warmly accepts. there is no way that i'm going to let her go again and there is no reason to not embrace this human being into my life once more.

we ended up talking for hours trying to catch up on each other's lives. the thought of who this person is seems quite overwhelming. i helped her move some boxes into her new home and the time flew by as i was unconsciously breaking a sweat and becoming ever so attracted with someone at the same time. we have a late lunch together after we realized how hungry we were and couldn't lift up another cardboard box.

there are endless things to talk about and to learn about each other. she has a sense of humor that can make you give a *real* smile, rather than those fake ones you have to give to people to pretend you care. she is down to earth and honest, but her mysterious innocence will captivate anyone who is capable of love. what are the chances of this happening to me now? what are the chances of seeing an old friend that you haven't seen in over a decade and then suddenly you are face to face with them? it seems too good to be true. i never once thought of seeing *her*

somewhere else is (t)here.

it is starting to get cold as the dreamer shivers in the middle of a dark gray road that is endless between the green grass fields. the sky was also gray, giving it a cold atmosphere to anyone who may be around. but no one else was around other than the dreamer. she begins to walk forward, following the never-ending road that disappeared straight ahead shrinking into the green fields.

there is a sudden quake on the ground and walls grow tall into the sky from the grass. the walls were endless upwards and sideways. where was she to go other than to follow the road that can't be seen in the far distance? the fields are now blocked by these dark gray walls on both sides of the road.

"do you need a lift?" a human striding on a bike on the gray wall suddenly appears. the human without a face is completely sideways on the bike.

"sure." the dreamer makes her way on the bike and succeeds effortlessly and comfortably onto it. the gray road was now their left wall and the real wall was now their road. the biker rides towards the sky leaving the gray road behind them. the dreamer's vision is now clouded and foggy as they enter the thick clouds of the sky.

"be sure to keep your balance or the clouds will absorb your energy into a species of their own." the human without a face warned the dreamer. after the clouds were gradually fading away, the dreamer and human without a face appears to be surrounded by deep space. stars are seen clearly in the distance and nothing is left around them.

" that is where you are destined," the human without a face points to a blue and green planet in the far distance that could be seen perfectly clear. it was so far it looked as if you can grab it into the palm of your hand.

"earth?" the dreamer says calmly.

"yes." the dreamer without a face turns his head towards the dreamer. even though the person did not have eyes, a nose, a mouth, but only a head blocked by a dark hole, the human still somehow exchanged energies. "if you are not strong...be prepared."

the dreamer suddenly wakes up and looks around. it is dark, but it appears she is in her room. she had woken from the dream. she was dreaming in a dream. she gets off her bed and runs into a restroom that consisted of a sink and a mirror. she looks at herself with a quick glance. the dreamer had long bright red hair and freckles. she bends down to wash her face with water. her face becomes relaxed as the water splashes on her face. from the corner of her eye, the dreamer spots a person behind her standing still. it frightens the dreamer, she jumps. the mysterious person just looks at her puzzled and without a budge.

"it's just me polly, don't be frightened." the person tells the dreamer.

"i didn't know it was you." the dreamer named polly is relieved.

"what is wrong?"

"i had a strange dream." polly walks out into another room as her mysterious friend followed. the room was enormous and long. there were mirrors everywhere showing multiple reflexions of polly and her friend. she continues, "i had a dream my fate was to be on earth—"

"earth?" the friend has her back facing polly, "but earth is a myth, it is not real. you've been dreaming too much. do you wish to leave your home here?"

polly does not answer.

"you need to go to work or you'll be late." the friend points to a clock hanging on the mirror wall. the time is blurry. the room is no longer enormous as it was before. the unclear time on the clock made polly jump up and run out of the house. she immediately starts running and soon finds herself on the same road between two fields as she all . she stops and looks around once again.

"where are you headed?" without walls on the green fields there appears the same human earlier who does not have a face standing on the road beside polly.

"to earth." polly quickly answers.

"earth?" the human without a face no longer has the bike but stands side to side with polly.

"yes...earth is the place you showed me."

the human without a face points into the sky that is now light blue. there appears the same green and blue earth in the distance still clear enough to see.

"can you take me there? i would rather be somewhere else—" asks polly as she looks into the sky towards earth.

"the beauty is in depravity. the depravity is in the midst of beauty," says the human without a face.

polly looks at the black hole where the human probably once had a face. the human without a face points again to the sky, pointing to earth now half burning in flames.

"oh no! what is happening?" polly looks into the sky at the earth seeming small and beautiful, yet helpless.

"somewhere else is here." behind the human without a face is the never ending green field burning in bright red, orange, and yellow flames.

sweet relief.

(a dream traveler's adventure in dreams)

unconscious stories.



again, nor falling in love with her all over again. these things only happen in movies. i do take awareness on how much we've both grown in the past decade. i am almost a completely different person when compared to the little ignorant girl i was in middle school. amanda has also grown drastically and it's amazing to see how she has grown. we are able to communicate like we've kept in touch all these years and our laughs and smiles now make up for the ones that were absent in most of our lives.

it is almost as though we are avoiding separation and parting for the day so we continue to not mention of our daily goals that we may have had in mind before we met. it is not everyday that you meet someone from the past with such admiration, so it quietly reminds us both to take our time through the day and even for the rest of our lives. everything is simply going wonderfully. everything and everyone else was behind us somewhere as we simply rested our bodies on the porch smoking a joint and listening to the cars stream by in a nearby street. you quickly forget the noise humans and their machines make because the natural way of nature is still inside of you no matter the situation. without forcing our thoughts, we naturally become at peace with our present and enjoy the moment we are spending together.

without giving any thought, i offer to take her up to the mountains tomorrow, which is not too far away from here. i told her that since she's worked so hard with moving, she deserves a break away from the city and that she should rest her mind and body. without hesitation, she accepts and thanks me for being so kind. the ease of casual planning for the rendezvous established a comforting nature we are able to give to each other and our strange relationship.

although i just met amanda (well, sord of) i am reminded of the beauty of friendship that two people can have. the concept of friends is quite interesting because an individual has a unique relationship with every person. because of the fact that amanda has been absent in my life for so long i now feel something in me has been fulfilled even though befcre i didn't know something was missing.

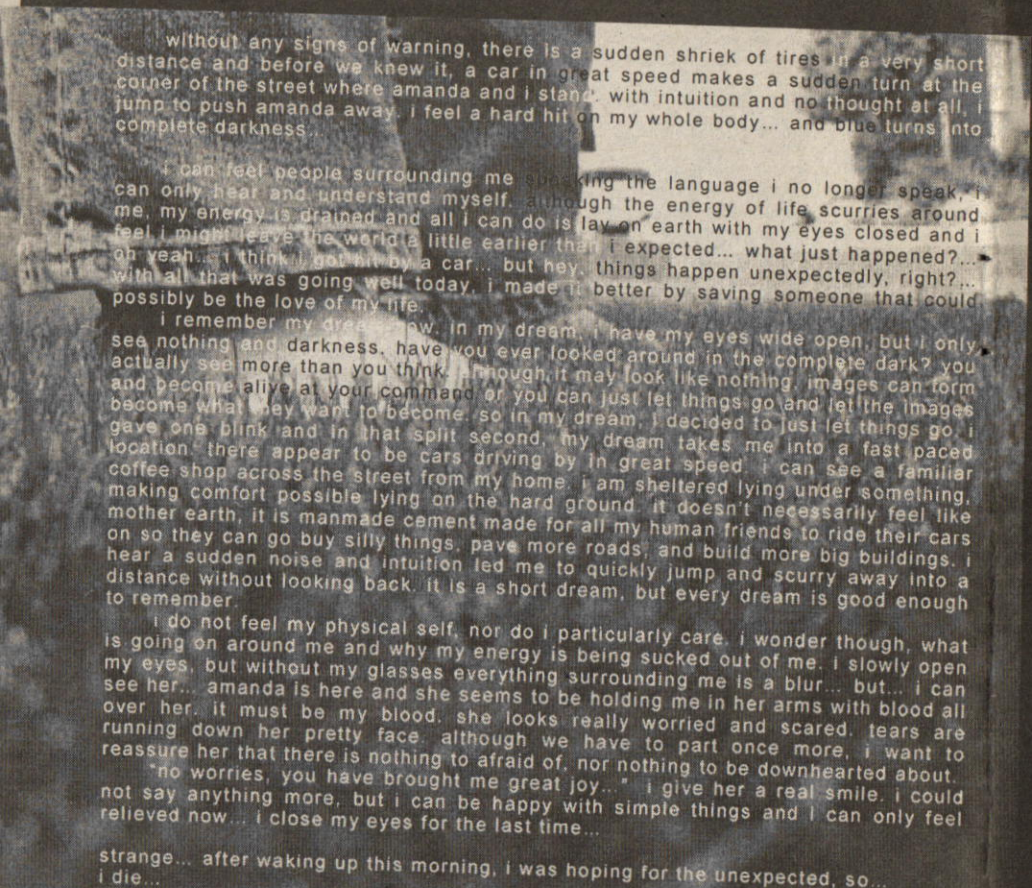
i look at my watch; it is already seven in the evening. i hate watches. i rarely wear them. i got this watch as a gift so i decided that i'll give it a try. it feels weird to have something wrapped around my wrist constantly reminding me of a time. yet as much as anyone might hate it, we all depend way too much on it. today, i forgot about time and remembered how it is possible to make it non-existent.

i am getting hungry again. it's been a few months now since i've decided that i should cook some more instead of eating out so much. i would save some money and as silly as it sounds, i believe i'll have more appreciation for food and my body. people set goals for themselves, but we have the tendency to make it hard to get things started. my only problem is that i can't really cook. as i tell amanda this, she gets excited and suggests that we have dinner at her house. apparently, she loves to cook and have been doing so since forever. i honestly don't know what to say.

we decide to walk to the grocery store and buy some food since amanda doesn't really have any food in her house at the moment. we accomplished a lot today, mentally and physically. i am glad to have been of great help for amanda because i cannot imagine her moving all that stuff by herself. we were able to establish something new from the old and simply grow from recognizing each other's growth.

walking to the grocery store was a great idea. we are now in the midst of twilight where all is blue. it is beautiful because it's not too bright, nor is it too dark. if you have no idea what part of the day it is and all is blue, you can't tell whether it is morning or evening. twilight is the time of day that reminds us all to be calm and breathe. i never really thought of this before, but it's kind of strange to be surrounded by so many buildings without a trace of a tree. i wonder what the forest would look like in blue. the thought of experiencing this wonder tomorrow with amanda makes me smile. amanda begins to talk about her experiences in colorado and how she forgot the fact that she misses the mountains. she smiles as she looks at me and tells me she couldn't ask for a better day. i can't help, but think that she is as sweet as she is beautiful. i wonder how i handled everything that happened to me today. for an emotional person like me, it seems as though it should be overwhelming, but out of all other days, today i am able to compose myself.

i am not shy to admit that there is something between amanda and i. there is something exotic about seeing someone from the past again while becoming passionate with the idea of a unique and wonderful relationship—



without any signs of warning, there is a sudden shriek of tires in a very short distance and before we knew it, a car in great speed makes a sudden turn at the corner of the street where amanda and i stand. with intuition and no thought at all, i jump to push amanda away. i feel a hard hit on my whole body... and blue turns into complete darkness.

i can feel people surrounding me speaking the language i no longer speak, i can only hear and understand myself. although the energy of life scurries around me, my energy is drained and all i can do is lay on earth with my eyes closed and i feel i might leave the world a little earlier than i expected... what just happened?... oh yeah... i think i got hit by a car... but hey, things happen unexpectedly, right?... with all that was going well today, i made it better by saving someone that could possibly be the love of my life.

i remember my dreams now. in my dream, i have my eyes wide open, but i only see nothing and darkness. have you ever looked around in the complete dark? you actually see more than you think. although it may look like nothing, images can form and become alive at your command or you can just let things go and let the images become what they want to become. so in my dream, i decided to just let things go. i gave one blink and in that split second, my dream takes me into a fast paced location. there appear to be cars driving by in great speed. i can see a familiar coffee shop across the street from my home. i am sheltered lying under something, making comfort possible lying on the hard ground. it doesn't necessarily feel like mother earth, it is manmade cement made for all my human friends to ride their cars on so they can go buy silly things, pave more roads, and build more big buildings. i hear a sudden noise and intuition led me to quickly jump and scurry away into a distance without looking back. it is a short dream, but every dream is good enough to remember.

i do not feel my physical self, nor do i particularly care. i wonder though, what is going on around me and why my energy is being sucked out of me. i slowly open my eyes, but without my glasses everything surrounding me is a blur... but... i can see her... amanda is here and she seems to be holding me in her arms with blood all over her. it must be my blood. she looks really worried and scared. tears are running down her pretty face. although we have to part once more, i want to reassure her that there is nothing to afraid of, nor nothing to be downhearted about.

"no worries, you have brought me great joy.." i give her a real smile. i could not say anything more, but i can be happy with simple things and i can only feel relieved now... i close my eyes for the last time...

strange... after waking up this morning, i was hoping for the unexpected, so... i die...

...perhaps...

i will wake up in someplace new...

and have another good life...

myself that i don't have a choice to go back. i am here now and i need to make the best of it... if i can.

we get outside and it is bright. their star is quite near. i am not used to such heat and i can barely open my eyes. i walk slowly and follow the woman. there are rows of automobiles in a lot. i turn around and look at the building and its architecture is quite boring. the woman leads me to her automobile. it is glossy black and metal. it seems luxurious, but i do not know if it would be considered luxurious to these people. i figure that i sit on the left side since she is going to the right. i watch her as she gets in the automobile and i try to do the same. it isn't difficult. the scent inside the car is strange. it is a clean smell, but it is unique to what i have experienced.

"i'm sorry i did not ask earlier, but what is your name?" the woman asks me.

"my name is wonder." i say.

"my name is moon." she says.

"where are you from?"

i didn't know how to answer. so i just say, "earth."

after my answer moon giggles, "where on earth are you from?"

"um... around here." i say.

"windsore is a wonderful place." she says, "i visit here all the time." she tells me that she does not live here. she lives in a place called america. i tell her i grew up in "windsore", since she asked. she asks me how my head is doing. i forgot about it for awhile to be honest and thinking about it makes me feel heavy.

as moon drives her automobile in the strange world i began to feel dizzy. there are many trees along the narrow roads. i am sure that other places on earth do not look like this, but i am curious how different it would be. the view is pleasant, but i still feel strange. i am unhappy and i don't know what to do. tears begin to run down my eyes. my vision becomes blurry because of my tears.

as soon as moon notices my disconsolation, she tries to comfort me and asks me if i am okay. i do not answer. i sit in silence and watch the world that i do not know. every once in awhile, an automobile would pass by in the opposite direction. i can feel that we are getting higher in altitude as moon drives to our destination.

i feel a sense of distance, like i don't belong. i know i am human just as everyone else, but i feel a sense of segregation. i am different. i am not from here. i don't know what kind of civilization this is and i do not know what these people's goals are. what are *my* goals? why am i here? why did i end up alone with nothing?

"i am not from here." i finally say to moon. moon just looks at me and waits patiently for me to continue. i do not know what she is thinking. i tell her the truth. i tell her why i'm here. i tell her i landed from leo, my small planet. i lost my friend glow. i was on a mission to explore the life of my ancestors: the humans that i am surrounded by now... but i don't know if this is a mission anymore. everything just went wrong.

i do not know if she believes me. i do not know why i told her. i thought about akaden, my mentor. before i came here he told me to be strong. he told me to be careful who i trust. i have not done those two simple things and i have only been here for two days. i broke down emotionally and moon now knows my true existence.

before i knew it, we have arrived at our destination and she stops her automobile. "do you believe me?" i ask her.

moon is silent for a moment and she does not look at me. she then says, "i... i think that you are not well..." moon hesitated, but i waited. "the first time i saw you, you had blood on your head. it is apparent that you hit your head pretty hard." she looks at me and sees that my facial expression has changed. i am starting to get angry. not angry at her, but angry at myself. i should not trust anyone. no one would understand. she continues, "and that man, he made you unconscious for a good twelve hours, the doctor said he was curious about your condition—"

"i do not need your sympathy." i struggle to open the automobile door, but I eventually figure it out.

"wait, please. i... i think— i have a place you can stay. it is not far from here, it is right up the mountain— if you need—"

"thank you for the ride." i say softly. i walk out gently and take my empty bag. i walk away from her and the automobile without turning around. she does not come after me. i do not turn around as i disappear into the green once more.

timeless in a sense, but it is new to me and i do not know where to go or to begin. although existence is evermore metamorphosing, the act of establishing has always been a part of human nature. starting in the womb, humans grow and learn the establishments that surround them. if my goal is to explore this time in evolution, i have to learn the establishments to start. it seems so far that i cannot do a successful exploration alone. although it is possible, it would be difficult to do so. humans communicate in the advantage to learn and discover. maybe i should do just that.

"how can you help me?" i wonder. she looks at me for a second and answers wisely after noticing my veritable curiosity.

"well first, you have to accept my offer... then direct me, but with your trust... and i can only do the same in return." after saying so, i can not resist such an offer.

"i would like to go somewhere without any disruptions... so i can gather my thoughts... can you take me back to the evergreens? where you first saw me..." after i answer this bluntly, the woman gives me a mysterious look and a half smile, then leads the way.

"we'll go this way, we can't let the doctor see you... he's curious and anticipating the details of your condition." she leads me to the opposite way from which i was heading. i follow... what does she mean by my condition?

"what do you mean by my condition?" i ask her. she walks really fast towards our destination, "i'll explain when we get out of here." we stop at a corner and she peeks over for safety as i stand behind her.

"first," she continues, "we have to pass that guy over there." i take a quick peek and only one male appears standing with his back facing us. other people are visible, but only females.

"is this a hospital?" i ask.

"yeah." she answers and looks at me again in the eyes. i think she is starting to understand that i am clueless of everything that surrounds me. i cannot make it obvious that i am, but what am i to say? "okay, he's gone. now just walk with me and act natural..." she pauses for a second, "...come on."

i walk casually next to her right side. to our left is an open space where there are other people. to my right is a large window with visibility of the outdoors. it seems to be sunny outside.

the people do not pay much attention to us, but one woman sitting behind a large desk looks at me unexpectedly as i look at her. i give a little smile and she returns one back. that's not a suspicious act, is it? i don't know. shortly, we reach another hall and we are no longer visible to the people who are no longer visible to us.

my guide increases the pace of her walk. "we should speed up a little, just in case the doctor went into your room and finds you missing. he'll come looking for us." i feel like i am a prisoner of the hospital because i can't voluntarily get out. instead, i have to sneak out. what does the doctor want from me?

i suddenly remember the evergreens. "what happened to me and how long have i been here? what happened to the tiger?" i get a rush of questions now that i am making my way out. why haven't i thought of this before? i realize that i've been so distracted that i didn't remember to think about how the present came to be.

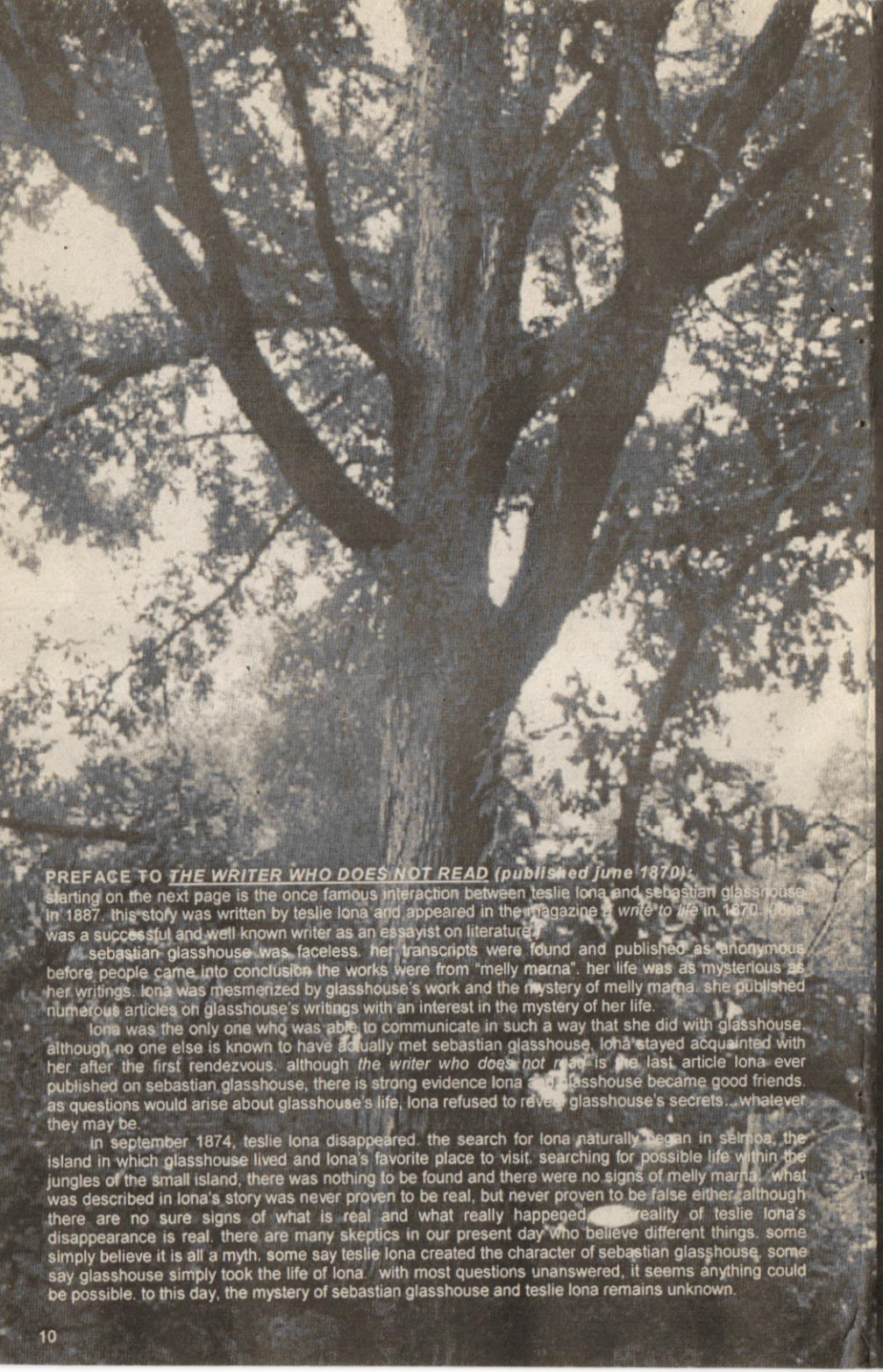
"you remember that man who was shooting at the tiger? that asshole hit you hard with his gun or something on your back. i can't believe he did that. he escaped. good thing i went out looking for you guys. you were just laying there helpless by yourself. i don't think he caught up with the tiger. when he hit you, you fell and hit your head. you were unconscious and you did not wake up until now, which is about twelve hours."

i have been unconscious for twelve hours? "what did that man want with the tiger?" i asked.

"for his fur and bones." she looks at me, "he can make a lot of money even though it's illegal to kill a tiger. they are almost extinct because of people like him."

i thought to myself for a moment. it seems quite overwhelming. so far these humans scare me. i am rethinking my whole mission and believe that this is probably a bad idea. what have i put myself into? i feel like i've just been born out of the womb, except i don't get the sympathy of learning like a baby. i keep telling

me and my mommy go into the train and it is hot. everyone is sweating. everyone is bigger than me. i am the only kid here. too bad. i want to show my new doll. my auntie bought me a new superwoman doll for my birthday and it can kick superman's butt she says. i named her betsy. betsy super woman. we are going to have a tea party when i get home to celebrate. i don't know what to celebrate yet. i will think of something soon. it is kind of quiet in here. there are a lot of people but no one is talking. some people are sleeping and some are reading. me and mommy have to stand because there is no place to sit. the train starts and my mom holds me so i won't fall. everyone looks sad or mad. i can't tell. i look at mommy and she is holding my hand and wipes her sweat. the driver of the train says something out loud in the machine thing. but i don't know what he says. the train is moving fast. it is underground and when you look out the window you only see the wall. we are going about three hundred speed miles. i can't wait to get home and play with betsy. i went to see grandma and grandpa with mommy and it was boring because there was no kid to play with. only old people. but they give me stuff. i play tea party with my dolls. betsy is my favorite. the train is stopping. i ask mommy if it is our stop and she says the next one will be our stop. some people get off and i run to get a seat before someone takes it. mommy stands and smiles at me. more people come in and betsy and i watch. someone sits next to me and smiles. she is pretty and chinese. wait, i think she is a boy. i cannot tell. but she, i mean he, is really pretty. the person has short black hair and a really pretty face. almost prettier than mommy! i smile back. it sits next to me. i stare at it. it stares back and says hi. it asks me what kind of doll i have. i tell it it is a superwoman doll and she can kick superman's butt. we are going to have a tea party when we get home. it smiles at me again and i smile again too. it tells me i have a pretty doll. we talk about how having tea parties are fun. sometimes we have real tea, but sometimes i don't. it asks me if i have a brother or sister and i said no. i play by myself a lot but i have a lot of friends. i tell it that i get visits from friends that mommy never see. it tells me that it has tea parties too. it says that i should try the jasmine tea. i have never tried jasmine tea. i tell it that they are really pretty. i never saw anyone like it before. their eyes and lips sparkle like betsy but better. i asked if it were a boy or a girl. it looks at me and smile and then whispers into my ear, "neither." i didn't know what to say but i thought it was soooo cool. i just smiled and it smiles at me again too. the train stops. mommy says this is our stop. i told neither a boy or a girl bye. it waved back and smiled and told me to have fun at the tea party with betsy. me and mommy got out of the train. it was sooo cool. i never saw anyone so pretty or handsome. i look at betsy and i don't want her to be betsy anymore. she can't be superwoman anymore. she will be special. she is not going to be a girl. but she is not a boy either. betsy superwoman is going to be superhuman. superhuman and i are going to have a tea party when we get home.



PREFACE TO *THE WRITER WHO DOES NOT READ* (published june 1870):

starting on the next page is the once famous interaction between teslie lona and sebastian glasshouse in 1887. this story was written by teslie lona and appeared in the magazine *write to life* in 1870. lona was a successful and well known writer as an essayist on literature.

sebastian glasshouse was faceless. her transcripts were found and published as anonymous before people came into conclusion the works were from "melly marna". her life was as mysterious as her writings. lona was mesmerized by glasshouse's work and the mystery of melly marna. she published numerous articles on glasshouse's writings with an interest in the mystery of her life.

lona was the only one who was able to communicate in such a way that she did with glasshouse. although no one else is known to have actually met sebastian glasshouse, lona stayed acquainted with her after the first rendezvous. although *the writer who does not read* is the last article lona ever published on sebastian glasshouse, there is strong evidence lona and glasshouse became good friends. as questions would arise about glasshouse's life, lona refused to reveal glasshouse's secrets... whatever they may be.

in september 1874, teslie lona disappeared. the search for lona naturally began in selmoa, the island in which glasshouse lived and lona's favorite place to visit. searching for possible life within the jungles of the small island, there was nothing to be found and there were no signs of melly marna. what was described in lona's story was never proven to be real, but never proven to be false either. although there are no sure signs of what is real and what really happened, the reality of teslie lona's disappearance is real. there are many skeptics in our present day who believe different things. some simply believe it is all a myth. some say teslie lona created the character of sebastian glasshouse. some say glasshouse simply took the life of lona. with most questions unanswered, it seems anything could be possible. to this day, the mystery of sebastian glasshouse and teslie lona remains unknown.

DAY TWO_the escape.

i wake up with a shiver in my body and my body jumps into consciousness. my head now aches and my back is in great pain. i place my right hand on my head to feel the patch that has been placed on the wound. i am wearing a funny garment-- where are my clothes? where's my stuff? i look around and get a sudden dizziness in my head. i see my bag on a table across the uncomfortable bed that i now sit on. i slowly approach my bag with my clothes lying next to it. as quickly as i can, without putting too much pressure on my head and back, i begin putting my clothes back on. i am the only one present and the two separate doors visible in the room are closed. is this a hospital? if so, it seems quite depressing for patients to stay in a room so dull without any windows to allow the sun or moon shine in. even though a form of simplicity may be to calm and compose, it still needs life and vitality to heal.

my bag has a hole and it is hard to tell where the source of the tear came from. i open it up and everything is missing. i try not to panic, a pain in my head is beginning to kick in. i almost fall to the floor. everything is a disaster now. i lost my partner glow and now i lost everything in my bag without a means to communicate with anyone.... i feel lost... where do i go from here?

i need to put myself together. first, i must get out of here. everything i own must have fallen in the evergreens. i can start there at least. it is my only option at the moment. i cannot risk loosing any time and i cannot let anyone get their hands on my stuff. everything will go wrong... this mission is already a disaster and i have only been here a day, two at the most. my head is aching like someone is squeezing it as hard as they can with their bare hands. i realize i have to urinate. hmm... there must be a toilet around here. one of the doors is now beside me and it is smaller than the other door. i turn the knob and slowly open the door. it is a small room with a bath and toilet. a strange looking toilet. i release myself. the combination of pain in my head and my back makes me feel quite weak, but i cannot slow down. not now. i wash my hands.

i see myself reflected in my eye when i look in the mirror. my short black hair looks as though it has not been kept and my eyes are tired. i need to hydrate myself. i turn a knob for the sink and water pours down. i use my hands to cup some water and i drink it. i spit it back out the moment i taste it. is this drinking water? if so, it tastes unpleasant. i stand for a moment and decide to drink it. it is water and i need to hydrate myself. i do not know how long it would be before i find more water.

i feel disorganized and displaced without a choice and without a sense of control of the causes and effects. what do you do when you are placed in a situation you didn't choose? i am aware this happens more often than what one may actually be conscious of, but it seems egregious when you are in a world that you are not familiar with compared to that when you are. i do not know how to direct myself because i am foreign to the society and the humans that surround me. i do not even know what goals can be of opportunity for me to achieve. what i do know is that i need to get out of here... but where am i and where do i go from here? i must begin by getting out of this room. i gather myself and my empty bag and peek out the exit door i slowly open. i see doors to other rooms. this is the hall. i walk casually out, but i do not know which direction to go. suddenly, through the sharp corner i am about to turn to, i bump into someone.

"hey!" with half of a concerned look and a smile, it is the woman i met earlier in the evergreens.

"hi." i do not know what to say.

"where are you going? are you okay?" she seemed concerned for me.

"um... i have to go." i say as i peek around, but no one else is in sight.

"but-- you can't leave, the doctor said they had to do more tests on you. you just got here, i don't think that--"

"i can't stay i have to go... i am fine." i try to walk pass her, but she follows. she doesn't seem to like my choices, but she knows she can't stop me.

"well, um... let me help you." she says. i look at her in the eyes. this woman is strange. she seems to be interested in a friendship... i have not received anything negative from her, so i don't think it would hurt if she did help. she seems nice and perhaps i should take advantage of that... after all, i am alone in a world that is

humans do seem a bit odd. perhaps they think i am ignorant, or perhaps they question their own thoughts and actions. i look at the tiger and i am not afraid. without warning, i step out of standing on green and walk towards the tiger. i can feel that the others behind me are frightened by my actions.

"hi." i say to the tiger with a smile. the tiger just looks at me as i look at her. i turn around and everyone is staring, waiting for my next move, or perhaps the tiger's. i am near the tiger, but the mellow tiger does not bestow fear, hatred, or danger in any sense. i squat down to the same level as the tiger to find myself face to face with her. i place my hand near her nose without touching it so she can get a sense of me. i exchange energy with the creature and still i do not quite understand why the humans are afraid. the tiger gently moves her nose to touch my fingers and then i lay my hand gently on her soft head. the tiger closes her eyes as i reveal my fellowship and she embraces it. the fur of the beautiful animal is soft and well kept. the healthy orange and traces of dark stripes are more visible now as she comes closer to me. in joy, i turn around to find the humans astonished. "see," i say, "there is nothing to be afraid of. she is a creature of peace." the tiger licks my face.

"be careful!" one of the males says.

it is obvious the tiger is not going to hurt anyone. now if she were, wouldn't she have attacked earlier or at least when we first noticed her? why would such an animal be an enemy to humans? the tiger walks toward the others. the other humans are still afraid, but they stay put.

"she can sense your fear," i say, "...but there is nothing to be afraid of." i get up on my feet and pat her back. she stands still on her four furry legs staring at the other humans, just as they were doing to me earlier.

"everyone hold still." it is another voice coming from behind. we all turn our heads instantly to find a man with a long gun pointing towards the tiger. there is another man beside him with silly facial hair and a hat. the man with the weapon takes a shot, but misses the creature. it startles everyone including me. the tiger had already made her way to escape. there is a sense danger from those humans. why are they trying to hurt her?

the two men quickly make their way after her. everyone else scurries away, but i follow the two men.

perhaps the tiger did a horrible thing or maybe these people are truly crazy. i do not understand. we run through the green and jump over plants of all sorts. trees are everywhere. some of the green slow the humans down, but it does not stop them. it does not take me long to catch up with the men.

"stay out of this lady!" yells one of the men aggressively...

then, in a quick and unexpected instance, i feel a hard blow on my back and i fall hard face down.



The Writer Who Does Not Read: *Sebastian Glasshouse*

written by Teslie Lona

(*Please note that I included some of Glasshouse's untitled writings in *italics*.)

i depend on dreams to tell me all
whether she is there or i'm just here
and whether living is waiting

I kept my promise and secret to Sebastian Glasshouse, the only secret I have ever been so agog to keep. I thought about my experience and what it would be like as I made my travel on boat from Mt. Uriel to Selmoa.

My objectives that I finally had the courage to make was amongst the least difficult to accomplish and yet it was one of the best surprises. I couldn't believe that it was happening to me. I was going to come face to face with Sebastian Glasshouse. No one had made the effort to find Sebastian and no one is going to even try. Why? I often wonder. Have not anyone ever read the great works of Sebastian Glasshouse or wondered about the past behind it? I have associated with numerous philosophers of literature, none of which that is intrigued by Glasshouse as I. Perhaps the mystery brings fear and anxiety or perhaps no one saw the beauty in such enigma.

Before I begin to exhibit the story and interaction with the legendary Sebastian Glasshouse, it is only necessary to introduce a brief history of her life. For those who do not know, Sebastian Glasshouse is simply known for her writings and mysteriousity. Although she is not widely known, those who consider literature into their lives have heard of Glasshouse.

She was born in 1843 in the Isobel Island of Selmoa to Tolopoti Oldcastle Glasshouse (mother) and Louvo Ogden Glasshouse (father). Being mostly secluded from the world without any brothers or sisters, Sebastian's world was only her families. Her upbringing was with little interaction between other people. The family became accustomed to learning how to survive together in a small home at the coast of the island. But at thirteen years young, Sebastian's parents disappeared without a trace. Sebastian had no one to run to, but herself. She learned how to survive on her own.

where ever there may be a shadow behind my home
my home may be theirs; i may be intruding
into ourselves
a name is not a wonder nor is it a matter
i am not abiding halfheartedly
embellishing myself preparing for thee

Glasshouse continued to live the secluded life that she only knew. The mystery of Sebastian is not known on how it began. There have been numerous reports as early as 1860 concerning a mysterious woman wearing all black walking on the west coast of Isobel Island. Some claimed to have seen a ghost of a witch from the past. Some say she was a ghost of the sea. No one dared to ask for her identity and the community expressed fear amongst themselves. This mystery led Sebastian Glasshouse to become known as Melly Marna (Melly is Greek for "dark-haired" and Marna is Latin for "of the sea"). Little did they know, "Melly Marna" was merely Sebastian Glasshouse.

To finally bring this myth of Melly Marna with answers is a great fulfillment for me. I have been intrigued with this mystery since 1862 when Glasshouse's book first got published. I was eighteen years old when I promised myself to find the truth of Melly Marna. What you are about to read is a rare opportunity that I was blessed to have, the interaction with Sebastian Glasshouse, the Melly Marna of Isobel Island of Selmoa.

One of my promises to Sebastian was to keep my travels a secret until I made my way back to Mt. Uriel. I did not have any concerns of precaution nor fear of facing something many considered queer.

I arrived alone on a single boat at the west coast of Isobel. It took hours of traveling, but it was well worth the effort for the results I received. I began to walk towards the north, which are the only directions Sebastian Glasshouse told me to follow. At first, I felt I have directed myself towards the wrong way for I did not see or hear any signs of human life until about a half a mile ahead. Towards my right, the opposite direction of shore, into the trees of the island I felt a presence. There was complete silence, but I felt Sebastian near.

"Sebastian?" I say without shouting. At first there was silence, but I gave her time to reply keeping in mind that her seclusion possibly made it difficult for her to speak... but Sebastian Glasshouse only surprised me. A woman who was known as Melly Marna walked from behind a large tree towards me and then stood with her body facing me, but with her eyes towards the ground. We were standing in the midst of the sky, but with our feet on the ground placing ourselves between what looked like an endless ocean and the trees of Isobel Island of Selmoa.

Where do I begin to express my first sight of such wondrous black beauty? She dressed in a simple and long black dress that covered her legs and arms. Her long well groomed black hair that gently touched the ground grew from a head with such a beautiful face that I know the people of Mt. Uriel cannot tolerate it. Her skin, which was only visible with her face, hands, and bare feet was naturally dark and healthy without harm from the sun.

I could not say a word, but stare, as if I have seen the goddess of night and darkness. She lifted her head briefly and at that short moment she caught my eyes looking into hers. Her light green eyes look back down towards the bottom of my cream colored dress as if she was shy, but fervent of the possibility of a companion.

Not knowing what to say, I began to speak the thoughts I was thinking, "Thank you," I could not help, but say gently, "for allowing me to meet with you." After saying so, she did not reply, but only gave me another glance and returned a slight smile of assuring comfort. She began to walk slowly back towards the trees of Selmoa, silently leading me to her home.

two separate skies in our world
one i have never breathed in
imperfectly and frequently
anticipate
my time being is now
now can be tomorrow
but not without—

Within a few steps, it instantly turns into a new world. One would not think of being at a beach, but a jungle of the island. Sebastian did not turn around, but she continued her path deeper into the family of trees. The ground was rich and moist, only because the trees blocked the sun from touching this area of the island. Sebastian's skill of living in such environment was very much apparent as she facilely made her way through the branches and uneven terrain. It was difficult for me to keep up with her speed and the distance between us began to increase.

"Please wait!" I finally speak up about my inability of keeping up. Sebastian takes the first look behind her to see that I am many yards behind. She stops and waits for me to catch up. When I finally did, I felt silly as I tried to catch my breath, "I'm sorry...but...I am not really active physically..." Sebastian continues not to say a word, but her facial expression expresses confusion. We continued to make our way deeper into island and the trees grew larger and larger. Before I realized it, the trees seemed so ancient with the trunks of the trees being the largest I have ever seen.

"My god..." I stop to look at my surroundings and became immensely astonished at the sight I had in front of my eyes, "this is where you live?" The strange woman took another look at me and smiled and continued to lead her way. At that moment, I was perplexed at why Sebastian had not said one word to me and I began to wonder where she was taking me. There were no signs of other life and I didn't understand how someone like Sebastian could live alone in such setting. Moments came and went where I thought I was dreaming. Grasping the idea of experiencing the interaction between someone like Melly Marna is implausible.

At that time, I came into conclusion that perhaps she didn't speak English or any language very well, since there was a lack of communication with other people. There was no question to whether she could understand it or write it, since she was a writer herself. I had many questions I was eager to ask her, but I asked myself, 'when would it be the right time to ask?' With everything I've said so far, I've only had silence in return.

in lands i cannot imagine with words
i've only seen in dreams
when is seeing more than speaking?
the time to protest to conquer yourself
all you have is less than an addition of another

DAY ONE_the arrival.

i have this voice in my head...i guess it is my own. there is a unique ego overcoming me, there is a realization that an experience will be and is. i open my eyes to find myself in the middle of green. i have no clue of where i might be, but everywhere i look, i am surrounded by something. i can feel peaceful and quiet life surrounding me, but without humans. although other species are present, they are not visible to me and i can hear them. i am on a large branch of a very large tree and below down onto the ground are strange plants of some sort living. they are different in look, texture, and life from what i am used to. the tree i am on is also very unique and different from what i am used to see. it looks as though it has an endless and continuous growth of green life. its texture and color varies at different lengths. it is beautiful and i cannot express the energy i receive from this particular nature, but i can say it is overwhelmingly different from There. we do not have these plants the humans at this time live with. i am relieved and safe for the moment while there are no humans present so i can prepare for a journey of a lifetime.

where is glow? where could he have possibly gone? where is my bag? i jump off the plant and fall many feet down safely onto my feet. i do not hear or see glow anywhere near me, but i have to find him and my bag. the bag must have fallen off of me when i arrived...

i hear voices. there are humans near. the voices are not coming from glow though. i need to find my bag. i need to hide. i scurry around and place myself between some green plants. the humans are very near, i can hear their voices, but i cannot make out what they are saying.

they are visible now. strange. their physical features seem to not differ so much from me, except they have different skin complexions and distinct facial features. two females and two males. they wear strange garments. they socialize in a friendly and energetic way. they are speaking english.

"hey look!" i hear one of the males say, "i think someone might be around here." i see as i am peeking through the plants the male is holding my bag. where did he find it? i need to get it back.

"it is mine." i say as i stand up to make myself visible to the people.

"oh!" one of the females seemed a bit startled, "hi!", after she saw me she smiled with relief. she had a tan complexion and brown hair. she had her hair pulled back and something on her nose.

"hello." i say back taking a glance at each one of them. i didn't know what to say, but i couldn't stay hidden between the plants forever and i had to get my bag back. i raise my arm towards the bag and wait for the male to hand it to me. they stand still looking at me strange, i hope they're not suspicious of me being from somewhere else... don't panic. they have no idea who you are. i mean, i am human, just as they are. the dark male with barely any hair on his head hands the bag to me. "i appreciate it." i say.

"um..." the female begins again, "are you okay..." she seems a bit concerned, "i mean, you're bleeding a lot." she gestures to her head. i gently touch a part of my head and look at my fingers to find blood.

"oh." i say. i had no idea i was bleeding. i don't feel any pain, "well, i'll clean it up." the humans stare at me. what am i supposed to do now?

there is a sudden sound of rustling plants and everyone including me turns to find an exotic animal of some sort standing between the green like i am doing now. the animal just looks at everyone. interesting.

"oh my god," the other female says in a frightened tone of voice, "it's a tiger."

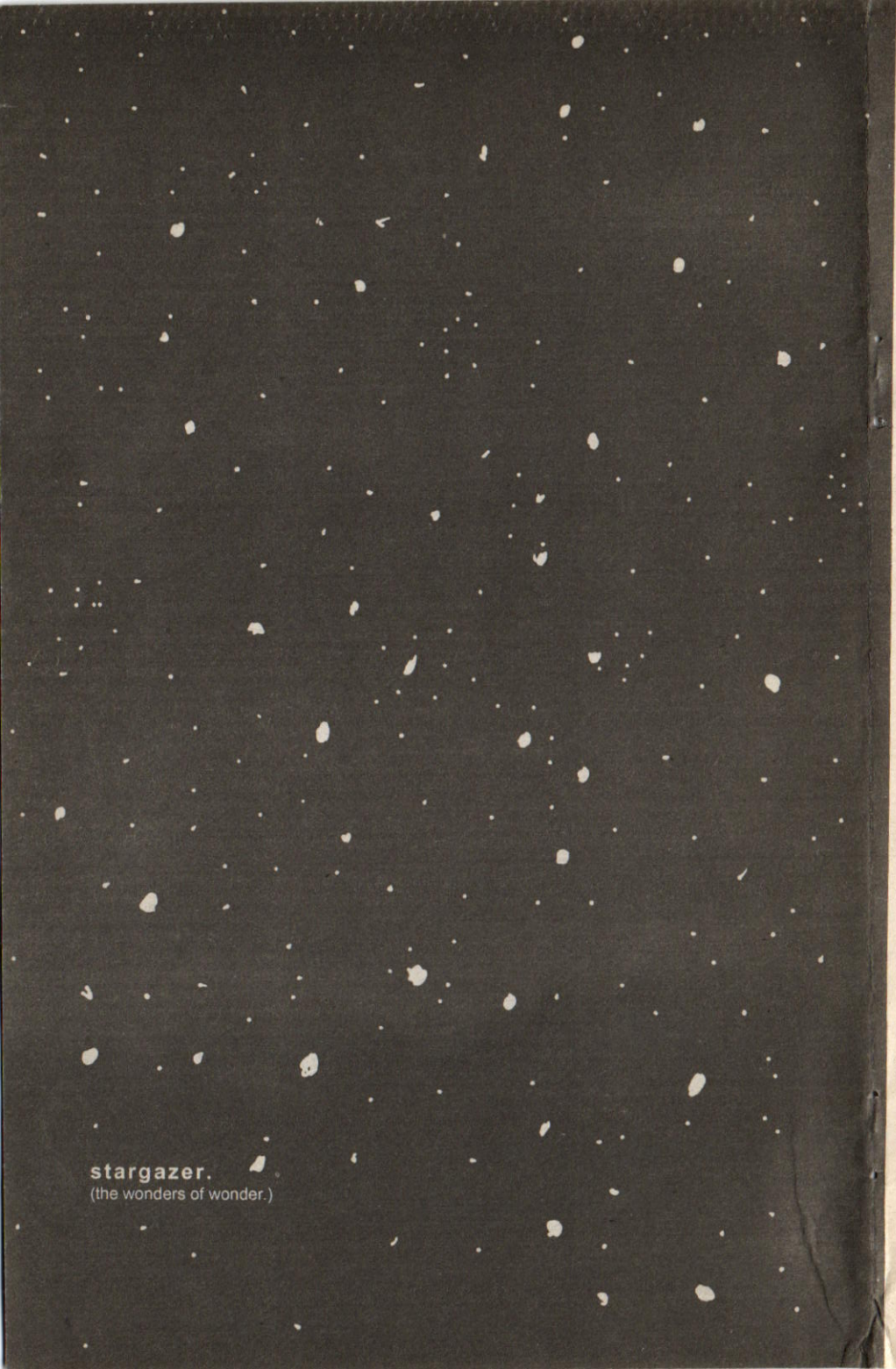
"don't move." the other male says.

i do not understand, is the animal dangerous? she looks harmless to me. i do not feel that the animal is dangerous, so i ask, "is she going to eat us?" if taking into consideration the reactions of the people here, it seems as though the tiger should do us great harm. everyone takes another glance at me and then back at the tiger.

"um... i don't think tigers eat humans." the brown haired woman said.

i look at the tiger and look back at the humans. i'm still confused. "well," i continue, "why are we supposed to be afraid?"

no one answers, they just look at each other and then at me again. i am terribly confused. i did not expect the beginning of my trip to be this way. i feel disorganized. i thought i prepared myself, but i was unconscious and now i'm here. the other



The sound of water flowing is increasing as we pace together towards her home, a place not known to anyone in the world, but her. In an instance after thin layers of bushes and branches is another view of the Isobel Island. A waterfall suddenly became visible falling into a small river stream flowing further down the island into the distance. At some lengths of the surfaces there was lack of sunlight providing a shade from the tall trees with overgrown leaves. The large area provided a lush and natural home for anyone who can appreciate nature's generosity and beauty.

"This is my home." Sebastian's soft and first words distracted my admiration and bewilderment and I look at her. She is not looking at me as if she already knew what my reaction would be and continued down the small hill barefoot towards the river stream.

"It is beautiful." I say in return as I follow. The shallow stream becomes deeper further into the distance, but we were able to walk over it without getting our knees wet. I lifted up my long dress to avoid getting it wet, but I took notice that Sebastian walked right through without concern of drenching hers.

An organized set up for an outdoor home consisted of a place for a fire, with a circle of large rocks for sitting placed around it, and some garments were hanging on a tree in a short distance for drying. All garments were black dresses, identical to the one she wore. A life of simplicity without contact of the outside world may seem dull, but many problems would not arise like those that cause disconsolation for the civilized.

With Sebastian's writing, you cannot assume whether she is sad or happy. Instead, there is much about question, wonder, and patience. When I thought of Sebastian as a writer, I noticed that there wasn't any paper or ink, so out of curiosity I ask, "Where do you get the materials to write?"

"I get them from a shop a couple of miles down. I get many things that help me there." She bluntly answers me, "Would you like some tea?" Her accent was unique like one I've never heard. It is not clear where it is from.

"Sure," I still had too many questions, "Do you enjoy living alone here?"

"It is all I know how to enjoy."

"Have you ever tried leaving to another place perhaps?"

"No."

"How do you know you wouldn't enjoy it then?"

"I do my share of watching some people around here. I do not care to associate with them." She answers every question with a gentle voice and without hesitation. There is little silence while she prepares a pot of tea over the fire.

"Why..." I almost hesitated to ask the question, "why did you choose to associate with me?" I waited for an answer, but I did not receive one. I figured that if she wanted to answer, she would have done so.

"Why do you write?"

"Why do you ask so many questions?"

"Because I am curious and I wish to learn more about you. It is not everyday I meet someone—" I stopped myself.

"Different?" She finished my sentence as she hands me a cup of tea and takes a seat on the rock opposite to me. "Have you ever thought about why you wish to learn more about me?"

After she asked the question, I found myself not able to answer and without realizing so I did not answer the question. I felt that it wasn't really a question she asked, but it was a way for her to try to make me realize something that I already knew.

I stare at the fire ahead of me. My thoughts and feelings became quite strange as I was in such environment. I did not feel uncomfortable with Sebastian, but I felt there was something missing and *that* left me to ponder the mystery.

if its one day we both shall know
i hope the day is soon

that of which ends after it began
never really existed
but it still crawls inside me

The conversation started again, but slowly. I found it strange when she told me that she didn't read. With the fact that she didn't have any materials to read made me wonder where she had the inspiration to write.

And so she answered, "There is more to my life than words."

"I cannot disagree to that," I say, "but your writing... it's quite mysterious... where—"

"The mystery you've created can't be solved by just reading between the lines." After she answered with this interruption, I realized that I had to approach things a little differently. I realized that I wanted to be her friend, not an interviewer. I had approached things the wrong way and so silence overcame me and I continued to drink my tea.

I couldn't tell what time of day it was by then. We just sat together and watched the fire as if we were meant to exchange the companionship. Sebastian offered to take me deeper into the woods, into her other home. Of course, I couldn't resist. We begin walking together deeper into the Isobel Island and exchanged laughs as I tripped a couple of times. Along the way, she pointed to some unique plants that had some traits of healing. There was one peculiar plant with two large yellow leaves on the stem and a purple flower growing out of the middle. Sebastian's mother told her it was only located in Isobel Island and can be used as herbs for help in inhalation. There were a few poisonous plants if touched or consumed, but I do not remember the features of the simple plants. Sebastian's cleverness and unique discernment had me feeling safe so I had no worries.

Before I knew it, I faced the largest tree I had ever seen. The branch was at least ten feet wide and it looked healthier than the youngest tree. I realized I was breathing deeply in the scent of a unique mint. The scent was coming from the tree, or perhaps the leaves, a scent of refreshment. I was amazed again as Sebastian lead me to the side of the tree to encounter a perfect hole. A hole probably another ten feet high and you can walk through the tree on to the other side. This was a true tree house, where the tree *did* house Sebastian. On the ground inside the tree is where Sebastian slept. A lamp was kept hanging on the wall inside the tree branch. This was the only tree in the area being at such size. The bark of the tree was rough and the branches branched at all lengths and sizes as I looked up towards the sky. Sebastian informed me of how she would sit on the branch above us many feet high. She said she has climbed to the top many times. I looked up finding it hard to believe her, but I did. She told me she learned to climb the tree since she was eight years old. Perhaps my interest was very visible, she tried to teach me how to climb it, but I did not make it over a foot above the ground. I laughed as I pondered about my physical abilities. She assures that it takes practice and I will not be able to do it my first twenty tries.

My experiences thus far had me naturally contemplate out loud about my life in Mt. Uriel. I almost forgot where I was homed. When I thought about where I lived, I felt a sense of distance from the roots of our experiences with nature. Civilizations have taught us things, but are they things we need to know? As we sat against the tree eating some wild berries, I told her things that I had never told anyone before. I did not even realize that I felt the things I felt at which when I told her. I had learned how to open up to a stranger that did not seem like a stranger, but someone I've always known.

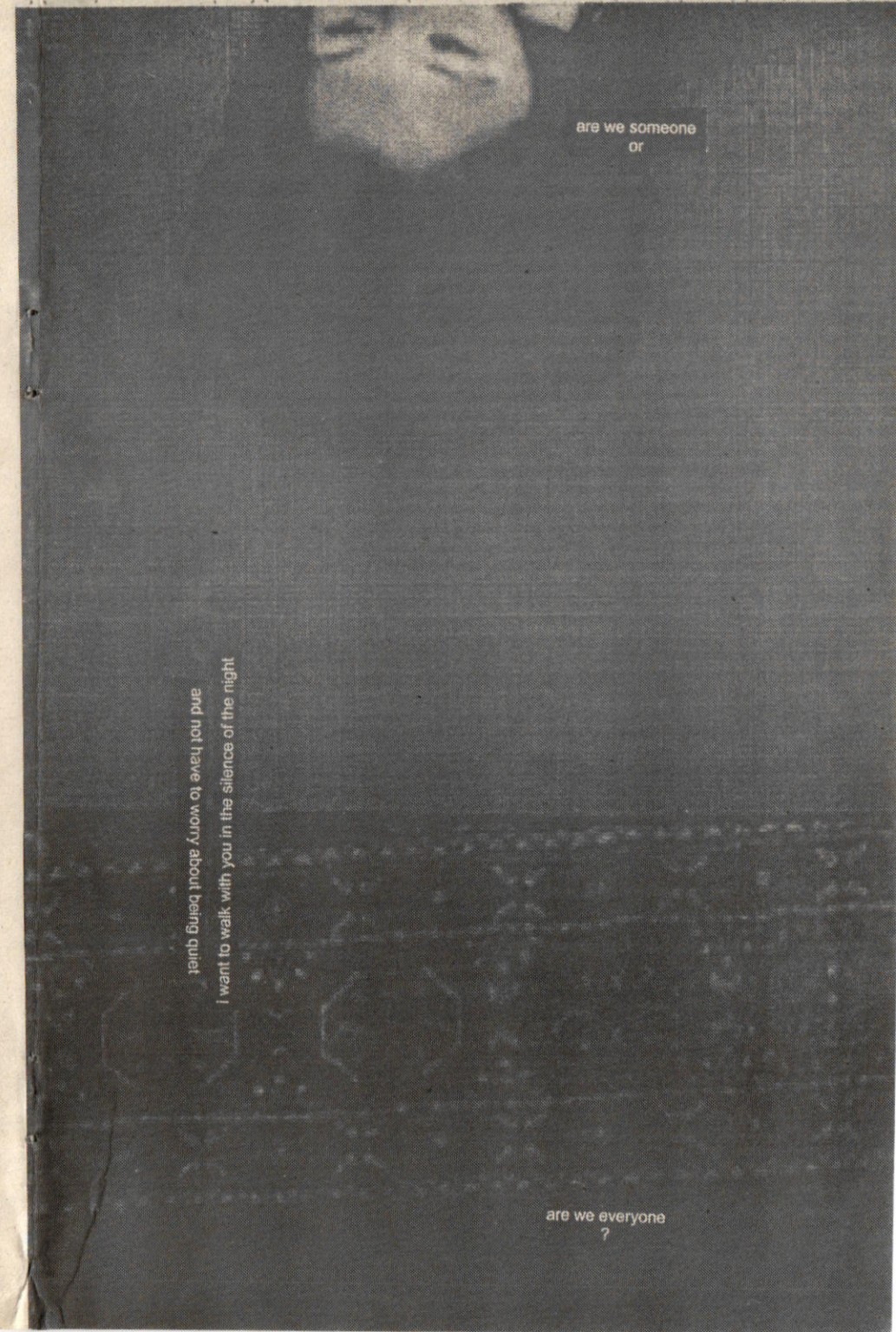
In return, Sebastian was natural in sharing as well. "My father told me that everyone has the gift of dreaming while they are awake. He said I was one of the few who had the gift to see it." The inner child of this woman can only be admired. I did not understand completely what she had said, so she simply added, "I dream while I'm awake."

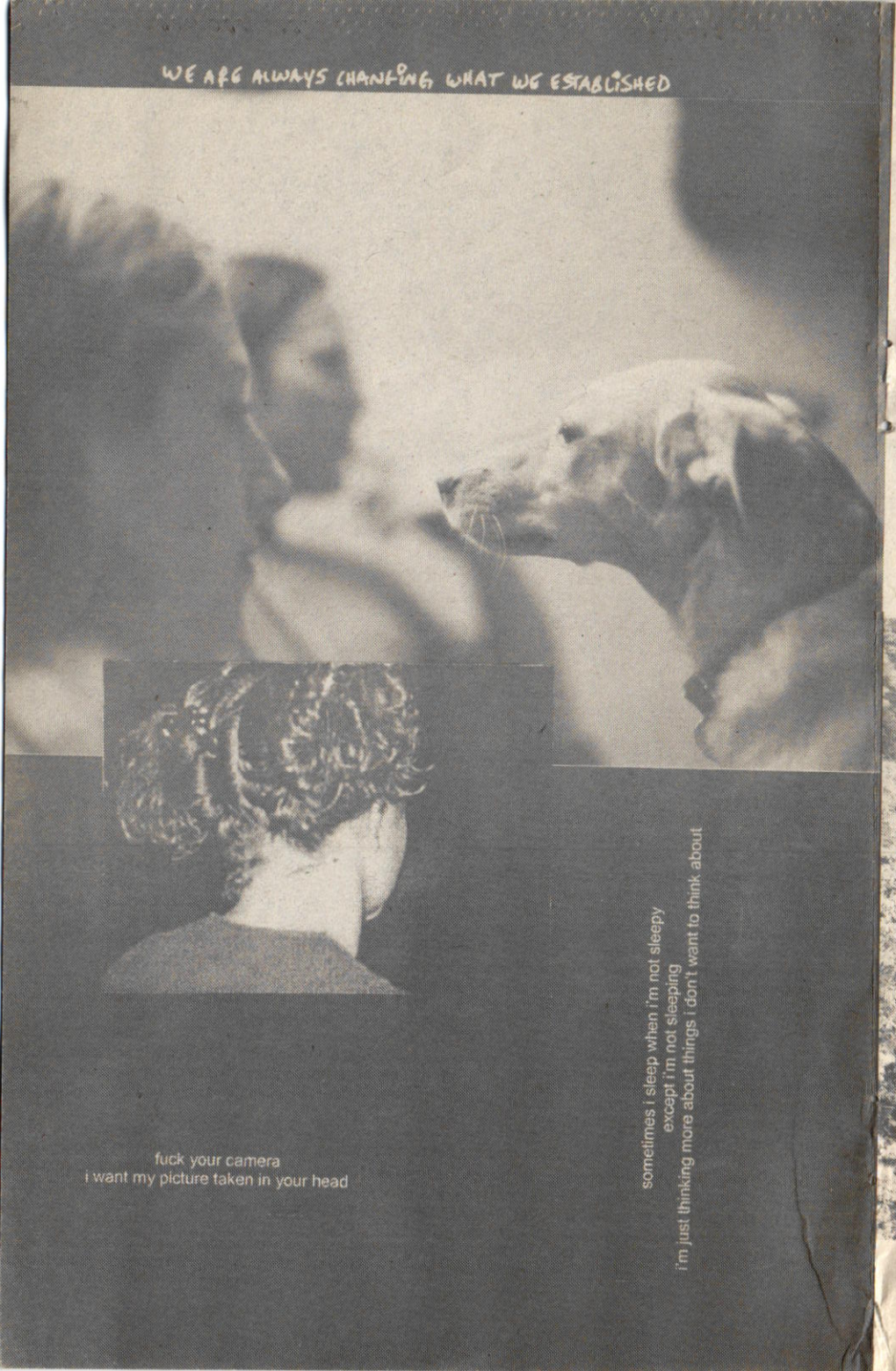
i'm seeing someone no one has ever seen
as i am dreaming existence no one has ever dreamed

I was slowly beginning to understand. I was beginning to think that everything that was thought about Sebastian was wrong. Is Sebastian not really alone like we all believe? Is it a hallucination? I have never encountered someone so real, someone who has experienced something so unknown, someone who is so simple, yet someone possessing experiences others would never know.

I did not know where to go from there. I sat in silence and new questions would arise, but I kept them to myself. There were questions she wouldn't be able to answer, there were questions that could not be asked, there were questions I had to ask myself. The experience may seem as though I have merely met a stranger. I have never just met someone where I felt like I knew them all along and I have never been so honest to myself by being so honest to another.

My curiosity about Sebastian dreaming during the day did not make sense at first. As we continued our day together Sebastian encountered a couple of friends, but to my eyes she encountered invisibility. She had introduced me to Tao, a friend of hers I did not see. She did not tell me of where he was from because I did not ask. I simply stood in astonishment and at times, confused. Still, I couldn't help, but give credence to my experience as real. To my eyes Sebastian was communicating to the air, but her smiles and words were for an image of life that I could not see or hear. I do not know *why* I believed that there was someone there, but I did.





Sebastian informed me that Tao was responsible for stealing her writings to place it into the hands of the public. It seems Tao did her a favor, almost as if he was trying to get someone's attention. In this case, was it exclusively to get *my* attention?

I realized why I have been so intrigued by the mystery of Melly Marna. Her words were speaking directly to me and she was waiting. What does it mean and why am I the one out of many who have attached myself to such mystery? Sebastian at first informed me that I myself have made it something that it really isn't. Perhaps she is right.

At this point, my view of reality has become exotic from what I am used to. Was *I* dreaming? Is she communicating to the dead? Although I did not ask this, Sebastian said Tao is very much-alive, just as we. There was nothing that I can do, but be myself and I accepted what was introduced to me.

I know that after publishing this, many will not believe me and say that this is fiction or perhaps even a fragment of my imagination. I would not be able to comment to such suggestion because perhaps it *is* a fragment of my imagination, but isn't everything?

The events that have happened and my experiences with Sebastian have given me a new meaning of friendship. She has shared something with me that she has ever shared so I shall not overlook it. Although this is just the beginning, I am overwhelmed by the opportunity of an interesting future. Sebastian Glasshouse has taught me to see things I've never thought of seeing before. A new life has been open to me, a life that I perhaps forgot to live.

Other recommended readings by Teslie Lona:

In the Words of Melly Marna, "with your secrets dried in skin, please shed on me": A Review of Sebastian Glasshouse's Writings (published in *A Write to Life*-January 1882)

When Sleeping is a Dream: The Myths of Melly Marna (published in *A Write to Life*-November 1883)



THE LOVELY HEADS PROJECT.

I HAVE SEEN MANY. I DO NOT REMEMBER THEM ALL. BUT THEY ARE ALL THE SAME. WHAT DO WE USE IT FOR AND WHY? ARE WE USING IT TO OUR POTENTIAL OR ARE WE USING IT TOO MUCH? SOMETIMES I SEE A HEAD SO CUTE I JUST WANT TO BITE IT. WE EAT FROM THERE, SMELL FROM THERE, SEE FROM THERE, HEAR FROM THERE, KISS FROM THERE, AND EXPRESS FROM THERE. THERE ARE SO MANY HEADS. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THEM ALL? HUMAN BEINGS, OUR HEADS CAN BE SO LOVELY. YET THEY CAN BE SO UGLY. TO SEE THOUSANDS OR MILLIONS OF HEADS WATCHING A SPECTACULAR EVENT AT THE SAME TIME CAN BE OVERWHELMING. TO HAVE SO MANY USE IT AT THE SAME CAN MEAN WONDERFUL TO DANGEROUS THINGS. SOME HEADS LOOK UP AT THE STARS MORE OFTEN THAN OTHERS AND SOME LIKE TO KEEP THEIRS UNDERWATER. A MILLION HEADS WOULDN'T BE A MILLION WITHOUT ONE OF THOSE HEADS. WHAT CAN YOU SEE FROM A HEAD? THE THOUGHTS? IMAGINATION? DREAMS? WITH IDEAS PUT TOGETHER, THERE ARE WAYS OF EXPRESSION AND LOVELY SOMETIMES TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE IT SEEMS. USEFUL TO USE WHEN THINKING, SO USEFUL WHEN COOKING, SO USEFUL WHEN CLEANING, SO USEFUL WHEN LOVING. IT IS AMAZING BECAUSE WE USE IT TO BRING OURSELVES BACK TO THE PAST AND WE USE IT TO PICTURE THE FUTURE. OUR HEAD WILL TAKE US THERE AND BRING US BACK **HERE** WHEREVER THAT IS AND WHEREVER IT MAY BE. YOU ARE WORKING TO BE SOMEONE. YOU ARE WORKING CONTINUOUSLY. USING IT TO OUR POTENTIAL OR USING IT RARELY CAN BENEFIT THE LOVELY HEADS TO BE DIVERSE MENTALLY. SOMETIMES WE DO THINGS TO OUR BODY THAT WE DON'T LIKE.. SOMETIMES WE DO THINGS TO OUR HEAD TOO MUCH... SO SOMETIMES I CATCH MYSELF **THINKING OF NOTHING** AND MY HEAD CAN BREATHE EASIER AND REST ON A SOFT PILLOW. ALONE THE WAY. THERE IS NO REASON TO FEEL BIG OR SMALL. THE WAY ALONE HERE HAS NO SIZE AT ALL. SO MAKE IT LOVELY. YOUR HEAD DESERVES IT. WE ALL DO ~~THINGS~~ SOME THINGS FOR NOTHING, WHETHER IT WAS UNEXPECTED OR INTENTIONAL. SOME THINGS CAN BE OF GREAT PLEASURE AND SOMETIMES CAN BE OF DISAPPOINTMENT. IT IS TIMELESS THE THOUGHTS YOU SHARE WITH YOURSELF. SOME THINGS CAN NOT COME OUT SO EASY.

AND EVEN WITH SO MANY, THERE IS ONE THING WHERE I THINK MOST OF US WOULD AGREE, IF A HEAD WAS TO BE CHOPPED OFF, IT WOULDN'T BE SO LOVELY.

